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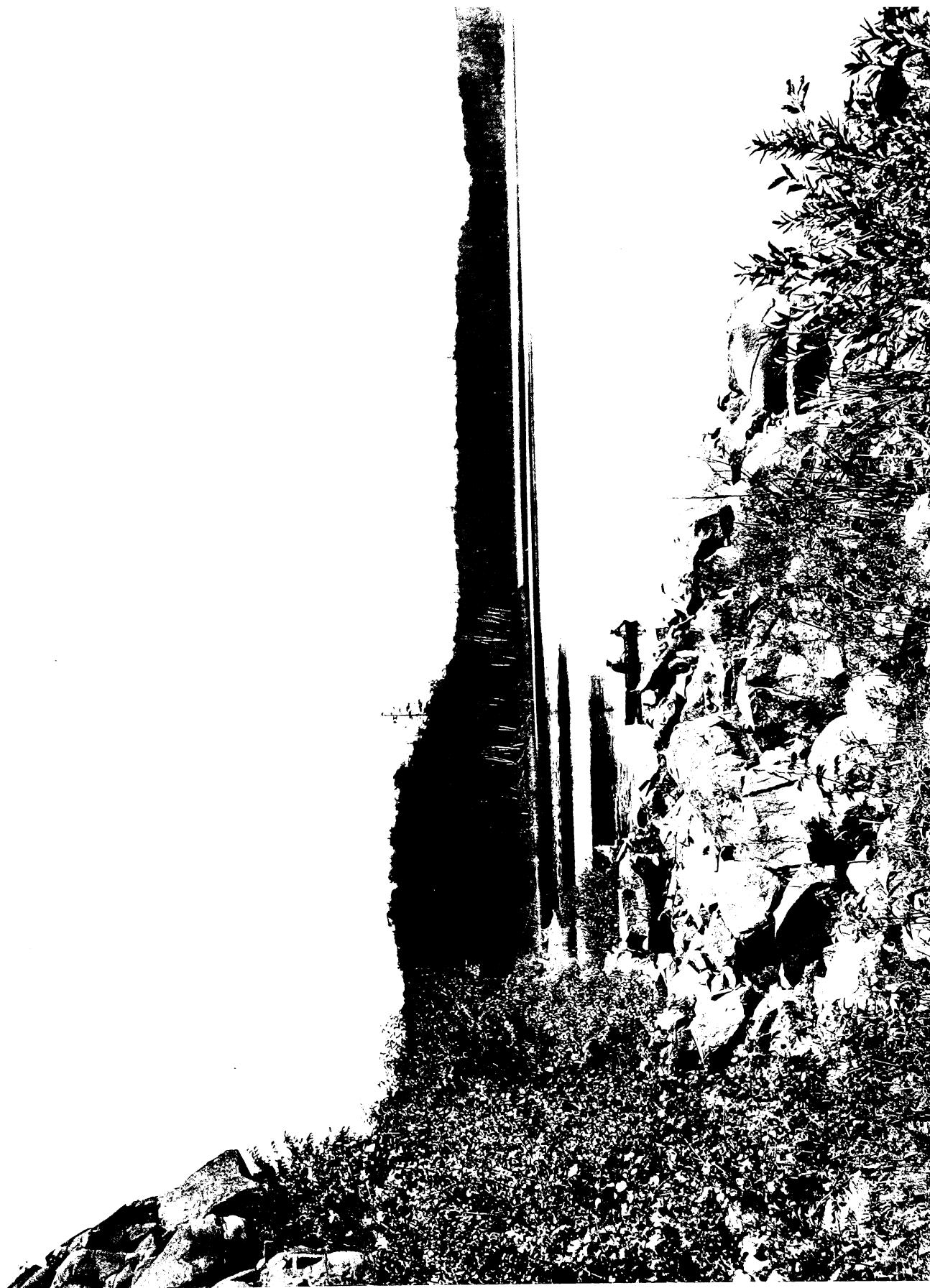
Part 8

THE
LAKE SUPERIOR
REGION

From the Library of
William Neely of Negaunee.
Presented by his daughter,
Mrs. Oscar Hanson of Bessemer



VIEW OVERLOOKING HANCOCK AND HOUGHTON.



LAKE SALLY—ISHPEMING.



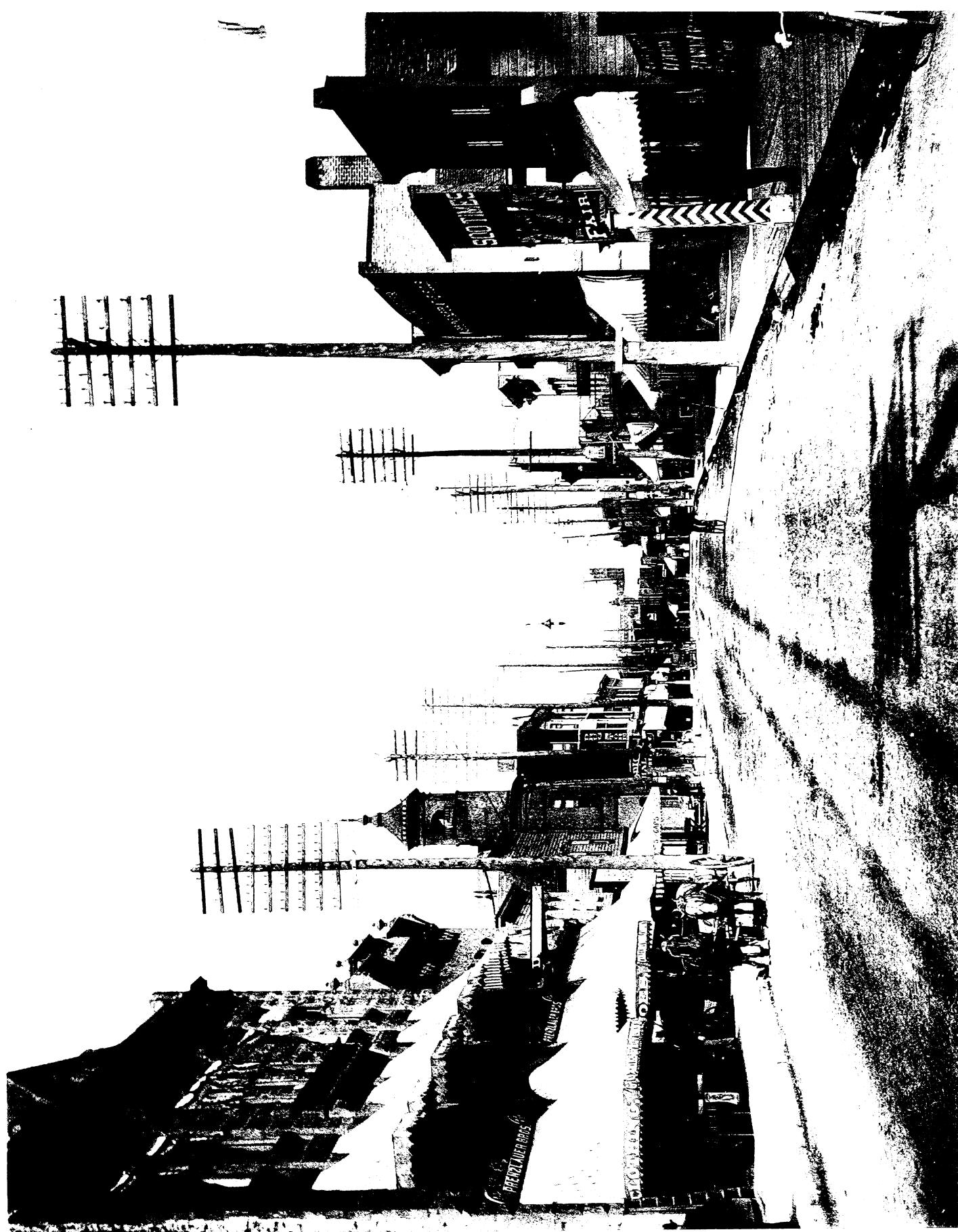
FRONT STREET—MARQUETTE.

SABLE FALLS—GRAND MARAIS.



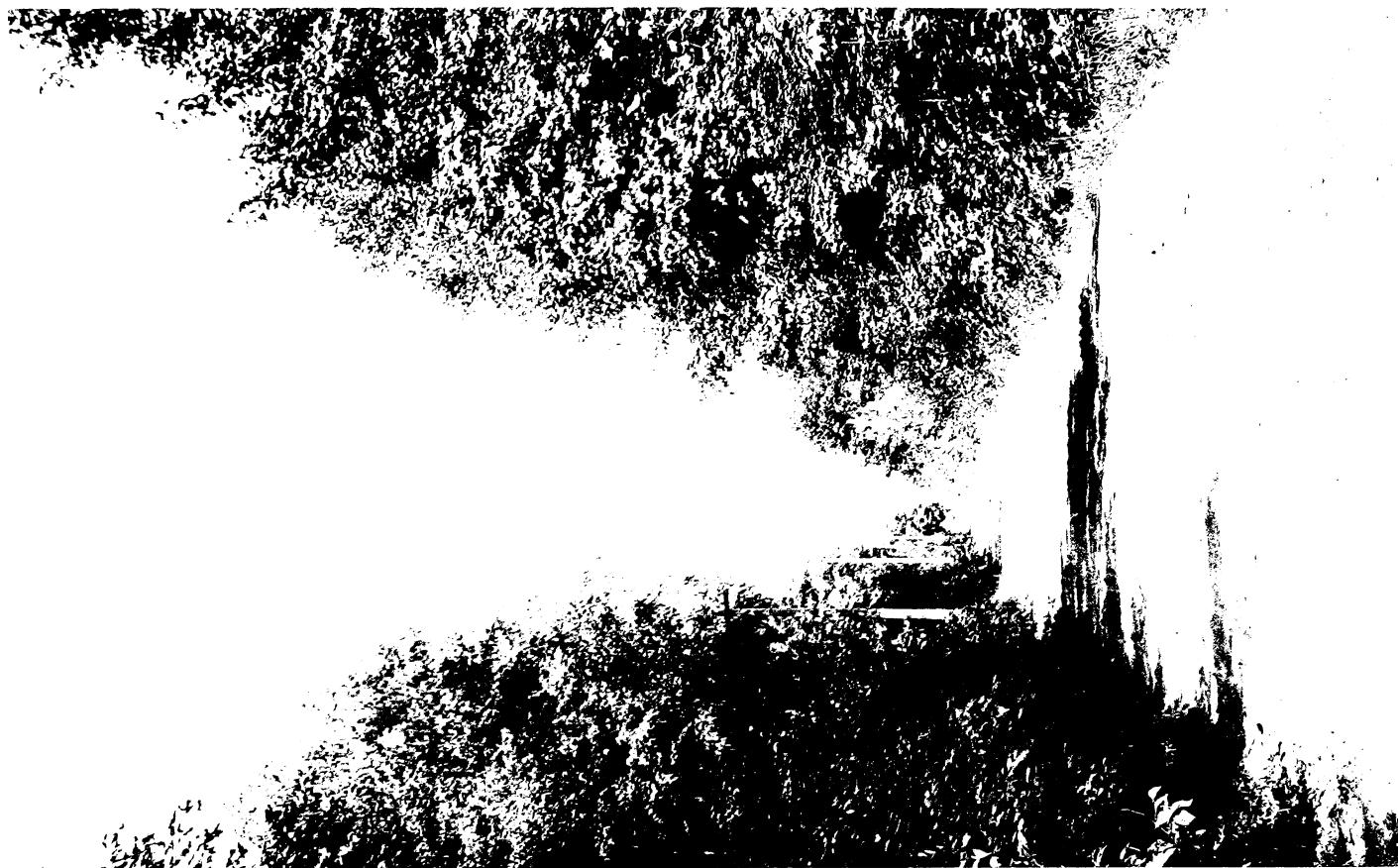
MUNISING FALLS—MUNISING.





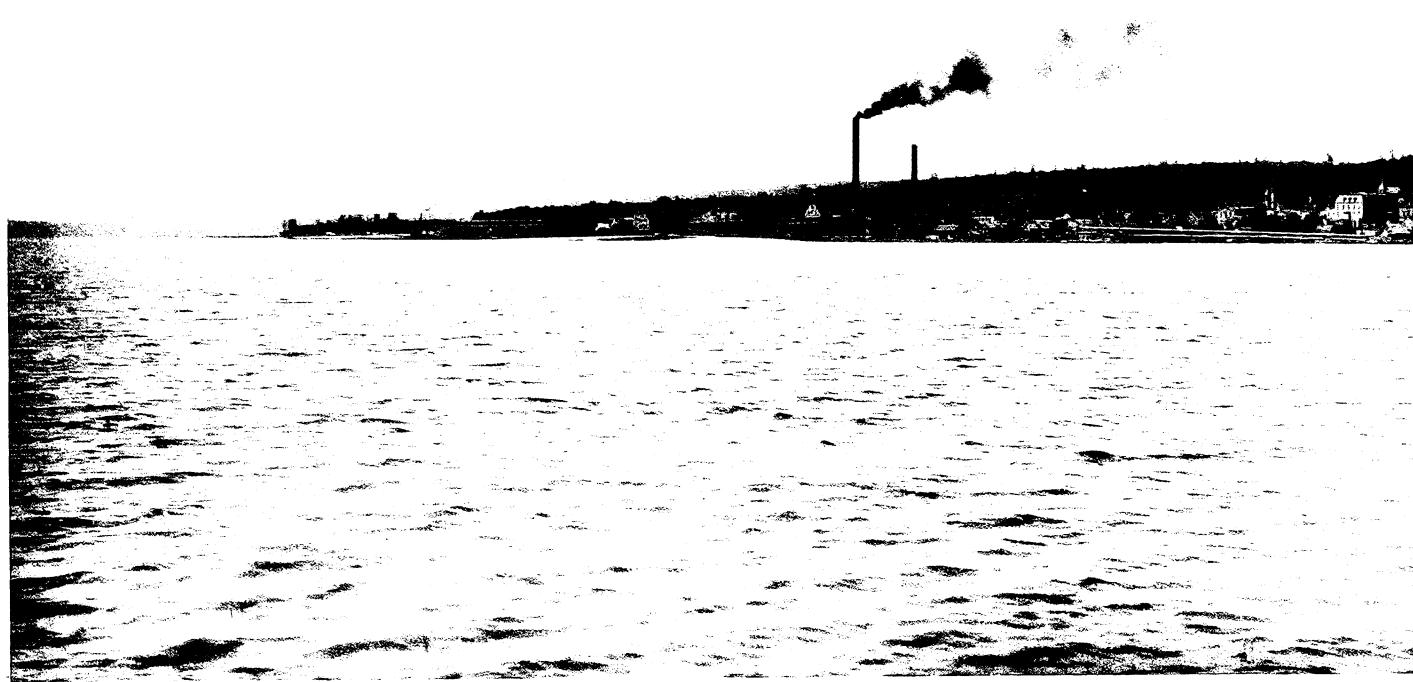
ASHMUN STREET—SAULT STE. MARIE.

A DRIVE ALONG PORTAGE LAKE.



SCENE NEAR HUNGARIAN FALLS—LAKE LINDEN.





SCENES AT LAKE LINDEN.



SCENE NEAR THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY—NEGAUNEE.

springs from the top of the bluff, and falls one hundred feet into the lake below. It is one of the beauties of a trip to the spot, and less commented on than it would be elsewhere, the rocks themselves dwarfing all else. The time is perfect, for seen at sunset, the play of color on the rocks is indescribably georgeous in its blending of black, white, red, green, yellow, and brown. The walls are perpendicular, overhanging, sloping, or broken in character, and from one, to three hundred feet high. There are caverns and columns, arches and pillars, friezes and dados mixed in confusion, and giving the impression of some gigantic Tower of Babel fallen into ruins, and frozen into everlasting fixedness by the power of the only Creator. The effect is grand and impressive beyond description, and the fifteen miles of this panorama are too swiftly passed.

As these wonders of sandstone fade in the distance, we turn our eyes forward to Marquette. The broad sweep of its harbor, with its fine breakwater, is alive with shipping, and broken with many wharfs, and ore docks. One of these docks alone is over twelve hundred feet long, and has one hundred and thirty-six ore pockets. The swish and roar of the ore shooting from these great pockets, into the capacious holds of the freighters, is almost incessant, and is only varied by the roar of the reverse process, of unloading thousands of tons of coal from boats, to the coal docks. Fishing tugs are flying about, and do a thriving business. Boat houses dot the shores, and pleasure boats are everywhere, for rowing and sailing are popular pastimes. The steam yacht is in evidence, and many are the gay parties which make long or short trips on them, for Marquette has its aristocracy of wealth and fashion. But then, Marquette has also its aristocracy of brains, and on the whole, nowhere is the summer visitor more cordially received by the permanent resident, than in this paradise of watering places. The city claims fifteen thousand inhabitants now. It is well placed on a plateau above the lake; the residences are many of them beautiful and costly, and it is the most nearly American of any town on the lake. Here is the only society of the Daughters of the Revolution, and here the only society of that purely American church, the Christian Scientists.

The æsthetic side of life is much more considered here than elsewhere, and the people are diligently devoting themselves to the cultivation of the beautiful. The little parks that dot the city, are garden spots, but the pride and glory of the place is beautiful Presque Isle. This Park is down the shore. Its natural beauty can not be surpassed, but while this has not been destroyed it has been improved and pierced with drives. A good bicycle path is one of its features, and the street cars give easy communication for those who cannot drive. It is to Marquette what Belle Isle is to Detroit, and is the Mecca of the pic-nicers.

A fine statue of Pere Marquette has lately been erected near the place where he is said to have landed, and more recently a bust of Peter White has been unveiled. Mr. White has been almost a father to Marquette. Years ago he gave the money for a Public Fountain, and for the founding of a Public Library. Later he gave the city the City Hall, and the lot on which it stands, with more money, and indeed, Mr. White's name is interwoven with the entire history of the town.

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